

enjoy so much because of a few cases.

"Oh, to be sure," anti-athletic friends says," school spirit is raised but now the student is interested in sports, developing the cerebellum region, and interest falls in his studies, or his cerebrum suffers." Oh, sorry, that reverts right back to the pre-med and his literature. Remember we have already answered that argument.

"But," says Mr. Anti-athletic, "football, baseball, track, and basketball are too strenuous for some people." Well it's plain to see this perspiring debater never went out for a team or he would know a thorough physical examination is required of all participants in sports. I'm wondering why he limited athletics to the

"big four." Swimming, tennis, bowling, golf, fencing, hockey, and, yes, dancing can do much for the molding of sound bodies and characters.

"Padding of athletes grades and colleges' paying their tuitions have been suspicioned, but never for good students," declares our desperate debater. Colleges have been known to give athletic scholarships as well as scholastic scscholarships; but as to padding grades that is in direct opposition to the purpose of athletics.

Forgetting our friend let us not condemn athletics but welcome them as a blessing to humanity, as one of the greatest medians for national and, through olympics, international good fellowship in a world of hatred.

## Reunion With The Family

MURIEL HOLLAND

One custom which has outlived the passage of time, wars, petty differences, famine, and flood is the good old family reunion. This is a time when grandparents, grandchildren, mothers and fathers, sons and daughters, aunts, uncles, cousins, all get together for a short period of time, perhaps a day, perhaps more.

Possibly some members of the group have not seen each other for a number of years; some may never have seen *all* of the others. The family reunion, then, is a time for family fellowship and reacquaintance.

A celebration such as this calls for a feast of some sort and here the cooks of the family come into their own. Time-worn recipes, handed down through generations, are carefully brought out and

dusted off; cook books are consulted as the creative genius of the chief cook is taxed to its limit.

Family reunion is a paradise of stories for the younger generation. They scamper for the coveted position of sitting on a favorite lap or else occupy space on the floor. The little boys do belly-flops to land flat on their stomachs while the little girls sit demurely upright cuddling dolls. Amid this contented scene Grandfather sits silhouetted against the firelight, spinning yarns or pausing now and then to chuckle at some ludicrous picture he has painted. "When your daddy was young he was quite a case!" he might say to a small boy perched wide-eyed on his knee.

History is brought up-to-date at the



family reunion. From the passing of Great-aunt Sarah to the recent arrival of small Linda Lou, each event is reviewed and discussed until the family has caught up with themselves and their doings.

At the reunion this year, however, there are several faces missing from the family circle: one with the Marines in New Guinea, two in England with the Air Transport Command, and one missing in the Southern Pacific area.

Before leaving the gathering, while everyone is still together, the family re-

verently kneels as Grandfather prays — for the safety of those boys across the sea, for the welfare of our nation, and for a peace to encircle all nations and all men everywhere.

At the close of this meeting, these true citizens of the soil realize that this is indeed a great American heritage, one of the freedoms for which we are fighting: the right to a home and family and the love of that family; the right to "family reunions."

## Spring

MARIANNE BUSCHMANN

The gay voices of students quieted as the last bell rang and the professor walked into the room with her quick, jaunty step.

"Ahem!" She cleared her throat in preparation for the lecture as the notebooks were opened and fountain pens were put into position.

"This morning," she continued in her high mouse-like voice, "we shall discuss the outbreak of the French Revolution. I wish you to take sufficient notes on the subject, please."

At first my notes were very neat and my writing legible, but as the minutes dragged by her words became less audible and my notes more jumbled until finally I had stopped writing completely. My eyes had wandered to a little speck of red which was partially concealed by tiny new leaves of a not too distant tree outside the window. Upon continued observation, the speck took the form of a cardinal. Its cheery song floated on the soft breeze, and as it flitted from branch to branch, so my eyes followed.

"Ahem!"

With a start, I straightened and began to scribble hurriedly on a blurred sheet of paper. I wondered how long I had been gazing out of the window, for other students had already started a second page while I had barely completed even a half page of notes. So as not to be thought behind, I, too, quickly turned to a new page and continued writing. Cautiously I looked at the lecturer and was relieved to find that at this moment her glances were directed at an unsuspecting individual who quite unconsciously had fallen asleep.

Slowly my eyes turned again toward the open window. The noise of an electric mowing machine caught my ears, and I sensed the pleasant odor of freshly cut grass.

Across the way a little white cottage surrounded by a low picket fence and a gateway entwined with ivy presented an entrancing picture. Beyond the gateway yellow jonquils lifted their smiling faces